

Genuine Nerve.

Nerve, as the blending of the mental and physical staying power is generally termed, is not at all a novel quality with the majority of men, but, like all other attributes, is of a comparative and resolute character. Many a man who wouldn't hesitate to follow in the lead of a forlorn hope, or ride in the front ranks in a cavalry dash, shrinks with painful fear from a dentist; while a woman who would run at the sight of the meekest cow in the meadows will go through the ordeal with Spartan fortitude.

The nerve that is supplemented by speculative intellect and calculating shrewdness is the most valuable, as well as the most genuine. Probably no better specimen of this sort was ever evinced than by a young Pole, Leckinski, by name, a lancer in the service of Murat.

The French Marshal was in Madrid during Napoleon's invasion of Spain, and found it necessary to communicate with Junot in Portugal. But the woods and country from Madrid to Lisbon swarmed with Castano's forces, the Spanish guerrillas. Russia at that time was not only a friend but an ally of France, and in his quandary, Murat went to Stroganoff, the Russian Ambassador to Spain, told him of his situation, and waited upon diplomatic cunning to help him through.

The Russian encouraged him wonderfully. "Send me," he said, "the most intelligent of your Polish lancers. These Poles are very thoughtful men, and valuable in an extremity. The Admiral, Sinavin, is in the port at Lisbon. We will dress your Polisher in Russian uniform and send him with the dispatches for the Admiral. Even if captured he will be safe, for the Spaniards are anxious to maintain the neutrality of Russia, and will not maltreat him for fear of causing a rupture with the Czar."

Murat was greatly relieved, and sent for the man, who, in the esteem of the commander of the Polishers, was the most efficient and intelligent. A handsome young fellow, not yet 20 years of age, was returned to him. The Marshal hesitated to send so young a man on a trip so terribly dangerous, but was reassured by the quiet, determined certainty of success expressed by the youth. So they attired him as a Russ, and he struck out on his hazardous errand.

The first two days of his trip were pleasant, but on the third Leckinski was seized by a body of Spaniards, disarmed, and brought before the commanding officer—Castano himself. He knew the fate that would follow if he were discovered as a Frenchman, and at once he upon the plan not to permit a word of the gallic to escape him, however pushed, and confine himself entirely to Russian and German; with both languages he was perfectly familiar.

The horrible murder of Gen. Rene, who was but a few weeks previous captured by the Spanish and subjected to the most horrible tortures, together with the savage threats of his captors, tended to shake his nerves considerably, but it was a matter of life and death to himself, and the fate of his army, as well, depended upon him, so he determined to play his part well. And he played it well.

"Who are you?" asked Castano, in French. Leckinski looked blankly at him and answered in German, "I do not understand you." An interpreter was called and the most difficult questions put to the courier, but he never gave himself away. Every answer was in Russian or German, the crowd of men about him hungry for his blood and feeling assured of his identity as one of the French.

Shortly they brought a Spanish peasant, and with him confronted the courier. The peasant recognized him, and with a howl of hatred and joy declared that he had but a week ago sold forage to Leckinski in Madrid, and described the countenance and the man with genuine accuracy. Still the latter could not be phased. He stood mute, and with a face evincing a blissful ignorance of the colloquy about him. Castano was disposed to acquit the courier, but the soldiers and mob demanded his life. Then the question of Russia's anger, in case the man should really be a Russian, came up, and his prospective death was compromised upon by a further trial. He was taken to a wretched jail and incarcerated. For twenty-four hours he was without food or drink. Fear, physical fatigue and mental anxiety sat about him like vultures about a dying wayfarer. Too fatigued, he fell asleep without knowing it. He had slept but two hours when a woman entered the cell, and arousing him, said: "Will you not have something to eat and drink?" It was a cunning trap, but the Pole was not to be entrapped. "What do you want?" he asked drowsily, in German. Castano gave orders to give him food and drink, and to release him. "He is not a Frenchman," he said. "No man could control himself so far," he said.

But it was decided to keep him longer, and put him through another series of experiments. Racks, garrotes and corpses of murdered Frenchmen were exhibited to him, but he was still the phlegmatic German. Finally he was brought before a drum-head court. While the preparations for the final trial were being made, horrible threats in French and Spanish were uttered about him, but he continued stolid and ignorant. An interpreter was brought forward. Through him he explained why he was going to Lisbon, showing his passport and the dispatches to the Admiral of the Russian fleet. Though subjected to the most intensely scrutinizing cross-examination, he stuck to his pseudo nativity and his story, without a change of feature or a flaw in his assured veracity.

As a last resort the presiding officer told the interpreter to ask Leckinski if he loved the Spaniards. The question was put.

"Certainly," said Leckinski. "I am fond of the Spanish nation. I esteem it for its nobility, and trust that my nation and it will be friends."

"Colonel," said the interpreter in French, "the prisoner says he hates us because we are bandits. He despises

us, and if delivered will do his utmost against us."

It was a cunning trick. All eyes were fixed upon Leckinski to discover the least shadow of intelligence of the words. But it failed. Unbaffled, he kept the same dead-mask of ignorance upon his face; not a feature moved, nor did he offer the least gesture. This ended his terrible trial. He was released, and his arms and dispatches returned. Under safe transport he reached the Admiral and fulfilled his mission.

Mischievous Reading.
The amount of pernicious literature that is sold upon the news-stands in this country is enormous and frightful. The utterly bad sensational papers that are published in the city of New York alone have an aggregate weekly circulation of not less than half a million copies. These are almost all sold at news-stands. Besides these, all our chief cities produce more or less of this sort of literature; added to which, the dime novels and flashy stories prepared for these wayside markets make up a vast mass of moral corruption.

The mixture that one sees upon the counters of the newsdealer is often a curious one. All varieties of periodical literature are represented here; but it is quite too plain which variety is in demand, and on which the dealer makes his largest gain. There is a little flat pile of the *Nation*, and a few shop-worn copies of the *York American Review*, the leading magazines indicate a larger demand, and the recent cheap publications of novels in newspaper form are present in still greater force; but the *Pictorial Pander* and the *Illustrated Scamp's Gazette* are on hand in quantities, and if you happen to be near when the weekly supply arrives you will see the class of persons that read them. Boys and young men, from twelve years of age upwards; not a few shop-girls, alas! and here and there a man who has grown old in sin, and who seeks to kindle his burnt-out passions with this coarse fuel—they are all waiting for the bundle to be opened, and eagerly make off with their copies as fast as the dealer can fold them.

The damage that is done by this pestiferous literature, the belittling and enervating effect it has upon the minds of those who read it, the false direction that it gives to all their ideas of life, the familiarity with debauchery and crime into which it brings them, the bad line of conduct that it suggests to them, who could undertake to tell? Probably not less than two millions of the youth of our land are fed weekly upon this moral cancer. What series of lunatic bands, wives, parents, neighbors, voters does it produce, think you?—*Sunday Afternoon.*

The Deep Sea.

At a recent meeting of the Christiana Society of Science, Robert Collett stated that the deep-water fishes collected during the last Atlantic expedition amounted to thirty-three species and proved to be of great interest to science, as the fish had, with a few exceptions, been taken from depths from which no Arctic fishes had previously been obtained. The apparatus employed was the so-called trawl-net, constructed on the same principle as that employed by the English fishermen on Doggerbank. Fish were taken up with that apparatus from depths of 1,400 and 1,500 fathoms. Five species proved to be entirely new to science, and it was necessary to classify one of them under a new genus. This was caught at a depth of 1,200 fathoms and was about one foot long. While alive, it was beautifully rose-colored all over, but of so soft and gelatinous a substance that it was half transparent, and the heart could be seen performing its functions; and large portions of the brain, the entrails and the whole backbone were visible through the skin. The abdominal fins were transformed into two long, split threads, which gave the fish a very peculiar appearance. It was named *Rhodionia Regina*, and belongs to a group of the genuine deep-water fishes which is chiefly limited to the tropic seas.

A "ROUND UP" ON A COLORADO CATTLE RANCH.—As in more primitive days the different herds ranged intermingled over the public domain, so they now stray from ranch to ranch, and at certain seasons of the year they must be collected and separated. They are distinguished by ear-marks, and more especially by brands, said brands being conclusively and universally accepted evidence of ownership. In June and July, and in September and October, "rounding up" or the grand collection and separation takes place. For each district a master or director of the "round up" is chosen, whose orders are implicitly obeyed by the working force, consisting of from twenty to fifty men, furnished by the ranchmen of the district in proportion to their holdings. They have two or three horses apiece, and are accompanied by assistants, herders, cooks, etc., etc. Starting from a given point, taking a regular course, and camping every night, they sweep over the ranges. Each day they "round up" the horsemen scour the country, and with the skill coming from long practice, gather the cattle together. In vain does the restive steer break away and run back or aside; the skillful horseman is ready for him, the trained horse "turns on a five-cent piece," and he is headed off and must yield to his fate, and move on in the pre-ordained track. The "round up" takes place sometimes at a "corral" or large inclosure, sometimes on the open plain.—A. A. HAYES, JR., in *Harper's Magazine*.

"That land ought to be used for a cemetery," remarked a gentleman, as the train glided by a field in which sand and stone were the principal productions. "Excellent idea," returned his friend; "nothing but the dead could ever be raised there."

An Irish orator at Ballinacoe being ordered to clear the court, did so by this announcement: "Now then, all ye blackguards that isn't lawyers must lave the court."

The man lacks moral courage who retreats when he should retreat.

"Old Probabilities."

Gen. Albert J. Myer, chief of the Signal Service Department, is jokingly known as the mysterious "Old Probabilities," whose prophecies in the morning papers every body consults before making their plans for the day. Gen. Myer, with half-a-dozen other scientific men, crossed the continent a year ago, to take observations of the eclipse of the sun from the summit of Pike's Peak.

A female correspondent of a New York paper watched their preparations with breathless eagerness. At last she proffered her request. "Could she go into their observatory and stand beside them during the eclipse?"

Gen. Myer looked annoyed; then his eye twinkled. "On one condition, madam. That you do not speak for half an hour." She accepted the offer with a gulp of determination. At the end of five minutes after the commencement of the eclipse, a fluttering of skirts was heard. The lady fled, and was not seen again. Gen. Myer ought to be able to manage one troublesome woman, as he has organized the most efficient and complex meteorological service in the world. To furnish the daily weather bulletins, which a boy reads with a glance of the eye, stations are maintained all over the United States. In each of these stations, seven times a day observations are made of the heat, weight and moisture of the air, the speed of the wind, the rainfall, the kind and speed of the clouds. These observations are sent to Washington.

From all quarters of the globe, similar reports come in, to the number of one thousand forty-four daily. These furnish the material from which are made the warnings and predictions of the weather for each day. The men who make these observations do it sometimes at the risk of health and life. A station was maintained on top of Pike's Peak during a season so inclement that prayers were offered in the churches below for the safety of the two officers.

Frederick Meyer was sent on this service to the North Pole. He made daily observations for more than a year. He, with a party of men, was perished by the cold, and floated through the night and horror of an arctic winter on a floe of ice that was melting beneath them every hour.

When found by the ship *Tigress*, "they were more like ghostly corpses than living men." Yet through all this, the officer did not discontinue his work one day. All honor to these heroes who do their duty when no man looks on.

The Study of the Stars.

W. B. Stearns, President of Amherst College, in his book, "Ecoe Caelum," "The Great Book of Nature is the heavens, which it is a joy and an exaltation to peruse; such a natural and truthful book—one that is so acceptable to all, not a part. Its outspread pages invite study by day and by night. It is now an interpreted book. The interpretations were hard. Great men, persevering men, and many of them have been hanged in the work for long ages. The results are before the world. Once men could not see an eclipse and shooting stars without inferring some dire calamity. Now humanity does not tremble at the signs of heaven. The progress of astronomical science has freed us from our superstitious terrors. We leave such foolish things to confound long past. To the science of stars we have of an epic poem. Look at the results are before the world. Once men could not see an eclipse and shooting stars without inferring some dire calamity. Now humanity does not tremble at the signs of heaven. 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WOODLAND STANDARD.

DAUGHT L. HACKETT, EDITOR.
WOODLAND, CAL., NOV. 8, 1879

THE ELECTIONS.

The elections last Tuesday resulted in decided Republican victories in Massachusetts, Pennsylvania, Nebraska, Wisconsin, Michigan and Kansas. The Democrats carry Maryland and Mississippi. Cornell beats Robinson in New York by several thousand votes, but the balance of the Democratic ticket is probably elected.

Hon. Zach Chandler, the leading stalwart of the Republican party, and U. S. Senator from Michigan, died suddenly at Chicago last Saturday.

"The Doctor of Alcantara" seems to be following in the wake of "Pinafore" the amateur societies throughout the South and West taking it up.

The authorities of the State Prison report, 1531 convicts present on the 30th of September, 1879. This is a large showing for a State with a population of 1,000,000.

When Grant passed through Galesburg Illinois this week, he was called out for a speech, when some ruffian threw an egg at him which struck him on the side of the head. That's the warmest reception he has met with yet.

Cetewayo is said to have declared that his first intimation of the Prince Imperial's death was when Lord Chemsford's demand came for the return of the prince's sword. The king sent immediately to the place where the prince was killed, and had the sword forwarded. He never knew how the prince came to his death, and he did not believe that there were more than ten Zulus who attacked the prince and Captain Carey.

The Mammoth City Times copies from a city paper this, as an incident of General Grant's visit to Mills' Seminary, Oakland: "At the close of the ceremonies, two little boys, whose father fell in one of the Virginia battles during the war, were presented to the General. The latter received them with much interest, and patted them on the head kindly." And then it aptly remarks: "As the father of the boys must have been killed in 1864, that would make these little fellows at least 16 years old. Quite healthy little boys to pat kindly on the head!"

The ex-Empress Eugenie has, it is asserted, declared her intentions to live in absolute retirement, so that a settlement of her fortune will be necessary. He son's will is not exactly valid according to English law, not having been signed by the testators in the presence of two witnesses; but as the Empress alone could test the validity of it, no opposition will be raised on this point. The property to be sold to pay the legacies not having been indicated, the executors will have to choose portions which can be sold to the best advantage.

The only difference between these two great parties (Workingmen and Democrats) exists simply in name.—[Yolo Democrat.

We object. The party whose ranks are filled by recruits from the criminal and drunken class, whose voters are not Americans, whose leaders are of that ignorant and mischief breeding class that prefers anything to honest labor, whose stock in trade is a howl against hard times without making an effort to better them, whose highest office is filled by an ignorant Irishman that has no love for his adopted country, is vastly different from the grand old party of Jefferson and Jackson—the party of the people, equal rights and exact justice to all men.

The Californian is the name of a magazine of general literature to be issued by A. Roman & Co. of San Francisco during the latter part of this month. The prospectus states that the new Magazine will keep right abreast of the times. It will do faithful prospecting in the range of literature. It will be conducted on broad-gauge and generous principles, following no particular plan other than to develop and deal with native talent, and to secure the best of everything for presentation to its readers. The subscription price is placed at \$3.00 per year; single numbers 25 cts. It should receive a generous support. The printing will be done by the Argonaut Publishing Company.

That Appointment.

Mr. James T. Murphy, of San Jose having resigned his position as Bank Commissioner Governor Irwin has appointed Wm. F. White, late candidate for Governor, to fill the vacancy. Mr. White may be a competent man for the position but we are inclined to the opinion that there are hundreds of available men who are much more competent in every respect than Mr. White, and who would fill the position with greater credit to themselves and to the people. The appointment of White looks to us like a bait thrown out to entice the Workingmen back into the Democratic party. While the success of the Democratic party is something devoutly to be wished for by all Democrats, we do not believe it depends upon the elevating to responsible positions of the leaders of the ignorant foreign and communistic element. If policy is the word, Kearney should have an appointment, and the work would be complete.

"Jacobin Clubs."

The Cigarmakers' Union held a meeting last evening at Horticultural Hall, which was addressed by I. M. Kallach, Auditor-elect J. P. Dunn, Dennis Kearney and others. Kearney recommended the formation of secret organizations, to be called "Jacobin Clubs," for the purpose of hanging all cigar manufacturers who persist in employing Chinese. This proposition was received with wild cheers; and a vote being called to determine how many of those present would "risk their lives in secret to kill Chinese-employing merchants," general showing of hands was made. The speaker then said that "Jacobin Clubs" were already formed in this city. This statement was received with long-continued and exciting shouts. The hall was crowded.—[S. F. Chronicle, 6th inst.

If Kearney and his gang could be placed where they would have a chance to develop their muscles breaking rock, this thirst for blood would be suddenly quenched. Should they make any attempt at mob violence, the business men of San Francisco should unite and hang the ringleaders to the nearest lamp post. Summary disposal of a few of these ignorant and seditious foreigners would have the effect to lower the temperature of the sand-lot blood below its present boiling point.

At San Buenaventura, on Monday, Judge Eugene Fawcett passed sentence of death on F. A. Sprague, convicted of the murder of T. W. More, and fixed Friday, December 5th, as the day of execution. The time allowed to the unfortunate prisoner to prepare for death, by the Judge, it will be observed, is the shortest possible, and betokens a want of that tempering of justice with mercy which is as a bright jewel of the magistracy. Sprague out not to be hanged. His conviction was procured by the testimony of an accessory to the homicide who has since confessed that he bore false witness at the trial. An appeal of the case to the Supreme Court failed of saving effect in the prisoner's case by one of those strange technicalities of the law against which, it seems, in the scale of honest justice, the life of a mortal is not entitled to consideration. A petition praying Governor Irwin to pardon Sprague is already circulating for signatures, and it is hardly conceivable that it shall fail of its purpose.—[Examiner.

GUESSING THE VOTE.—While the political pot was boiling just after the Conventions had finished their labors, a saloon-keeper offered a prize of a handsome gold watch to that one of his customers who should make the nearest guess to the total vote that would be cast for the successful candidate for Governor. A ballot-box was procured, and whenever a person purchased a drink or a cigar he was handed a card on which he wrote his name and guess, which was duly deposited in the box. The official result having been announced, the box was opened yesterday, and the ballots, numbering about 15,000, were inspected, and it was found that two persons, L. Osborn and B. J. Burns had guessed equally close to the result to the correct figures, one having guessed 67,959 and the other 67,971—each being six votes out of the way. The close guessers will have to determine between themselves the possession of the watch.—[S. F. Call, Oct. 21st.

Murder Will Out.

Revelations have been lately made in Washington which show the depth and monstrosity of the atrocious conspiracy by which the late Edwin M. Stanton, of ever-informous memory, procured the wretches whom he used to commit perjury in swearing away the life of the innocent lady, Mrs. Mary A. Surratt, who was murdered by himself and his accessories before and at the moment of the great crime. Of these besides himself, Preston King, Jim Lane, and one or two others, have by self-murder ended their conscience-accurring lives, and their memories are kept alive only to be execrated. Lew. Wallace, John A. Bingham, Gen. Hartranft, Jo. Holt, and a few others still live in greater or less soul-torture or obscurity and their doom is yet to befall. The recent exposures of their common guiltiness must terribly affect and weigh upon them. One of the survivors of the perjured gang hired by Mr. Stanton at the time, has confessed all. His statement is in full corroboration of the statements confidentially disclosed to Joseph P. Bradley, a prominent lawyer of Washington who was counsel for John H. Surratt, son of the murdered lady, and whose life Stanton also laid plans to take by means of a tribunal bound to convict. It was only because he learned, during the trial, that his own part in the wicked conspiracy was known, that he withheld his suborned witnesses who were on hand to swear young Surratt into the hangman's hands. And now, also with these fearful revelations, a distinguished Northern man who supported the war is publishing to the world, in the North American Review, the copies of the autograph letter of Stanton, written to ex-President Buchanan, subsequent to the breaking out of the war, and as late as July 26th—four days after the first battle and terrible Union defeat at Bull Run—in which the "great War Secretary," showed himself to be mainly in sympathy with the South and utterly opposed to that policy of Mr. Lincoln's Administration. Further developments from the same distinguished source, still more damaging to the name and fame of Stanton, are promised and will be given in forthcoming numbers of the Review. These will be interesting reading, especially for his Radical admirers.—[Examiner.

Another Mexican Sensation.

An evening paper of this city yesterday published under the sensational caption, "A Pending Revolution—Plans for the Overthrow of President Diaz of Mexico," some matter well calculated to irritate the lawful authorities of that Republic, and to influence adventurers in this and other States and Territories close to Mexico with a spirit of hazardous filibustering enterprise. If there is any plan on foot for making any part of the United States the base of an organized attempt to filibuster Mexico into a state of revolution in the way foreshadowed in this statement, we may be very sure that no American capitalists of much means or any judgment have enlisted or will enlist in it. American land-sharks and mine-grabbers are, no doubt, very anxious to find an opportunity for the extension of their selfish operations into Mexico, but they are not the kind who ever risk anything in the shape of coin where there is, as there would be in this case, a good chance of total failure. There is no reason to believe that any considerable number of people of Mexico are desirous of a revolution and civil war to oust Diaz from an office which he has declared his intention of leaving after the expiration of his present term; least of all, when the bloody and lawless work is to be begun and finished by foreigners and in the interest of Americans, who are always under the ban of suspicion in that country. The fate of Henry A. Crabb and his hundred at the cruel massacre of Cavoraca in 1857 should be a perpetual warning to all American adventurers against anything like such a movement as this sensational story is calculated to inspire.—[Chronicle.

T. M. PRIOR,

SADDLE AND HARNESS MAKER

rtter from the East.

line will be kept on hand or made in first-class style.

rest of Express Office,

t, Woodland.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

GRAND

Literary and Musical

ENTERTAINMENT,

Free Supper

AND SOCIAL.

Under the auspices of the members and friends of the M. E. Church, at

WASHINGTON HALL,

Friday Evening, Nov. 14th, 1879.

PROGRAMME:

QUARTETT—Mrs. Stuart, Mrs. Cross, Mr. Stuart and Mr. Pedler.
ELOCUTION—Prof. Elston.
QUARTETT—Mrs. Pinkham, Miss Fredricks, Messrs. Price and Pedler.
RECITATION—Miss Theobalds.
SOLO—Miss Lottie Poole.
RECITATION—Miss Grace Frost.
RECITATION—Miss Dora Garoutte.
QUARTETT—(Male voices)—"Amphions."
RECITATION—Bennie Alexander.
RECITATION—Miss Alice Hiatt.
RECITATION—Lillian Freeman.
PARLOR DRAMA—"A Hospital Scene"—Mrs. O'Harrigan, John O'Flaherty, Dr. Mildmay, Mrs. Von Drumble, Peter Von Drumble, Dobbs, Hackman and Servant.

ACROSS THE CONTINENT.

WHAT AN OLD CALIFORNIAN SAW

—AT THE—

FARMERS' AND MECHANICS' STORE.

The finest and cheapest BUSINESS SUITS, FINE DRESS SUITS, the finest GENTS' FURNISHING GOODS, a full and well selected stock of Youth's Boys' and Children's CLOTHING. Boots, Shoes, Hats, Caps, Etc

Also the finest lot of DRY GOODS, Etc., ever brought to Woodland. Silk, Silk Velvet, Satin of all shades, etc.

All we ask of you is to call in and we will show you the goods. Remember the FARMERS' & MECHANICS' STORE, Excelsior Block, Main St. Woodland.

CHARMAK & LEVY.

SHERIFF'S SALE.

AGNES BEMMERLY, Plaintiff, vs. RUDOLPH KALS, Defendant.

UNDER AND BY VIRTUE OF A DECREE OF Foreclosure and Order of Sale issued out of the District Court of the Sixth Judicial District, of the State of California, in and for the County of Yolo, duly made and entered on the 27th day of October, A. D. 1879, in the above named action, wherein Agnes Bemmerly is plaintiff, and Rudolph Kals is defendant, and to me directed and delivered, I am commanded to sell all that certain lots, pieces or parcels of land lying and being situate in the County of Yolo, State of California, and particularly described as the Southeast quarter (1), and Lots One (1), and Two (2), of the Township Ten (10) North, and the Northeast quarter (1), of Section Thirty-two (32), in Township Eleven (11) North, all in Range One (1) East, Mount Diablo Base and Meridian, according to Government Survey.

Public Notice is hereby given that on Saturday, the 22d Day of November, A. D. 1879, at Two (2) o'clock P. M. of that day, in front of the Court House, in the County of Yolo, State of California, I will, in obedience to said decree of foreclosure and order of sale, sell the above described real property to the highest and best bidder for coin of the United States. C. HARNEY, Sheriff. Woodland, Oct. 21st, 1879. nov1-td

ASSIGNEE'S SALE.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN THAT in pursuance of an order of the County Court of the County of Yolo; State of California, made and entered on the 1st day of November, A. D. 1879, in the matter of PETER LAUTNER, an insolvent debtor, vs. His Creditors, I will,

On Saturday, the 22nd day of November, A. D. 1879, at Ten (10) o'clock A. M. of that day, sell at public auction, at the residence of said Peter Lautner, in Cottonwood Township, in said Yolo county, to the highest and best bidder, for cash, the following described property to-wit: 1 Header, 1 Header Wagon, 1 Two-horse Wagon, 2 Horses, 1 Cow, 1 Heifer, 1 Steer, 2 Pigs, 3 Tons of Hay. C. BARNEY, Assignee of said Insolvent Debtor. Dated this 4th day of November, 1879.

GRAND

MUSICAL FESTIVAL!

AT WASHINGTON HALL,

WOODLAND,

Dec. 4th and 5th, at 7:30 P. M.

CHORUS OF 200 VOICES.

FULL ORCHESTRA.

BOQUET OF SINGERS.

Band, Pianos, Organ, Electricity, Artillery, Anvils, and other Novelties.

SOLOISTS:

MR. ARTHUR H. PRICE,

MR. LOUIS NICKELSBURG.

MRS. ADDIE T. PINKHAM,

Soprano.

MISS R. FREDRICKS,

Contralto.

CONDUCTORS:

DR. C. E. PINKHAM, W. B. TREADWELL,

J. H. VAN SLYKE.

Sale of Season Tickets opens at Greene's Music Store November 20th. Price for the season of two days and evenings, \$1.50. Single tickets, \$1.00.

COMMITTEE OF ARRANGEMENTS.—J. D. Lawson, G. M. Palmer, T. Kennedy, Miss Nette Marden, J. Safford, J. H. Norton, F. S. Knauer. TREASURER, C. W. Bush.

Societies are rehearsing for the Festival under the following Directors:

WOODLAND.....Dr. C. E. Pinkham.
CACHVILLE.....J. Safford.
MADISON.....J. Holton.
LAGOUILLE.....J. P. Dunn.
CARAY.....C. N. Palmer.
DUNSMAN.....T. Kennedy.
DAVISVILLE.....Miss Nette Marden.
ORCHESTRA.....W. B. Treadwell.
BAND.....E. Ellis.

GOOD TIME COMING!

Everything Going Up!

An Advance All Along the Line.

TIME

TAKEN BY THE FORELOCK

—BY—

CULVER.

As the prices of all kinds of goods are advancing, and are liable to be on the rise for some time, I would state to the people of Woodland and Yolo county, that having laid in an immense stock of goods before the rise took place, I am prepared to give low prices on all my goods. In the line of

GROCERIES

I have as fine a stock as was ever brought to this county. My line of

CROCKERY

is very complete, consisting of all the latest novelties in MAJOLICA WARE and my stock of WOOD and WILLOW ware, etc., cannot be surpassed. Inviting each and every one to call and examine prices, I remain

Respectfully,
C. B. CULVER.

MILLINERY.

MRS. FITZGERALD.

FASHIONABLE MILLINRY

STORE.

COR. MAIN AND FIRST STREETS, WINTERS.

Has lately returned from San Francisco with a splendid stock of all the latest styles, which she will sell very cheap. She invites every one to call and examine her goods.

WOODLAND

STANDARD,

THE CHEAPEST AND BEST,

Eight Pages

TWO DOLLARS A YEAR.

PUBLISHED AT

WOODLAND,

Yolo County Cal,

—BY—

D. L. HACKETT, Editor and Prop'r.

COMMENCING AUGUST 1ST.

THE FINAL CALL!

LAST CHANCE FOR WOODLAND.

KING

GOES OUT OF THE BUSINESS.

NOTICE.

Possibly you may get some one better in his stead, but probably not.

FOR A SHORT TIME:

Card Photos,.....\$1.50 per doz.
Cabinets,.....3.50 per doz.

BABIES IN ARMS POSITIVELY NOT ADMITTED.

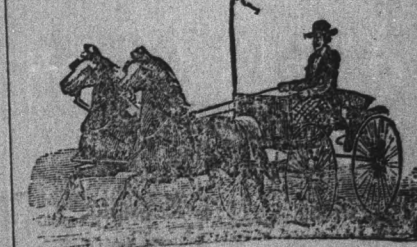
I want to sell my entire fit-out of Gallery, Negatives, etc., etc. Going exclusively into viewing and Copying, Enlarging and Printing. Shall still keep my headquarters at Woodland, giving up gallery work to take the advantage before I give up the business—some who appreciate a good picture and know one when they get it. Money is pretty tight, so we'll compromise and give all a fair show. So look to it.

Gallery Positively NOT Open on Sundays.

J. W. KING, Photo.

P. S.—My View Wagon has all times in readiness to make trips to any part of the county. Views of residences, etc., at reduced rates, and warranted superior to anything of the sort ever done in the country. Now is your time. See to it. KING, Photo.

CITY LIVERY STABLE.



SMITH & WHITE, Proprietors

HAVING taken charge of the Stable formerly known as Egan's Livery Stable, I am prepared to furnish

STYLISH TURNOUTS

At Low prices. HORSES BOARDED by the day, week, or month, and given the best of care. A share of the public patronage solicited. ag18

SMITH & WHITE.

WOODLAND STANDARD.

Issued at Woodland, Yolo county, every Saturday
BY DWIGHT L. HACKETT,
EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

TERMS:
One Year—In Advance.....\$2 00
Six Months.....1 00

LOCAL INTELLIGENCE.

School Books, both College and Public School, at St. Louis' Variety Store.

For School Books and Stationery, go to Greene's.

All lovers of good Tobacco, go to Elston's.

Beach has been turning out some fine job work this week. Call on him for anything in his line.

The telegraph office has been moved one door east, and is now fitted up in first-class style.

A hairless horse and a mammoth ox weighing 2,400 pounds have arrived in town and are on exhibition.

There will be a shooting match for chickens and turkeys at Holmes' Corners on Saturday next, 15th inst.

We admit that this isn't a good year for Democrats, so please don't ask us about the result of the late elections.

Hon. Jason Watkins was thrown from his buggy last week, and quite seriously, though not dangerously injured.

Thursday, Nov. 27th, is the day set apart for killing a turkey and inviting the poor ones who has no turkey around to dinner.

M. Cohen, lately of Napa, has leased the store room formerly occupied by Goulinet & Co., and is stocking it with a large lot of goods.

We notice the 7-inch water-pipes have arrived, and they will soon be laid from the water works to the crossing of Main and First streets.

Secretary of State elect Burns won the fine McClellan coat that was put up at raffie by Col. Sibley on Thursday night. 44 was the lucky throw.

We had a slight sprinkle of rain on Wednesday night, since which the north wind has been blowing at a lively rate, until last night when the rain came in earnest.

The nucleus of a dramatic troupe has been formed, and it is more than probable that Central Hall Theatre will be opened with an amateur performance.

Sacramento is to have an Authors' Carnival. Jules Tavernier, the artist, who had charge of the Carnival at San Francisco, is now in the Capital city making the necessary arrangements.

Ice is now made in Sacramento by machinery. As "Sacramento straight" contains too much sand, dead animals, etc., an artisan well has been bored which furnishes a supply of water.

The Board of Health now consists of the following members: Drs. Strong, Pinkham, Ross and Welgosa, and Prof. R. A. Grant. Dr. Lucas and T. C. Poekmah have retired from the Board.

The dancing class was better attended on Wednesday night last than previously, and enough names were secured to warrant the teacher, Mrs. Mirasole, in continuing the school, with every prospect of success.

For the benefit of a few we will state that it is the height of impudence for a person to look over a printer's shoulder and read the copy, as much so as it is to look over one's shoulder when writing. A word to the wise is sufficient.

You ought to drop into Sam Pendecast's store and take a look at his stock of new goods. Those business suits and ulsters are bound to be all the rage this winter. Then he has a fine stock of gents' furnishing goods, and boots and shoes that fit "shust like de paper on de vall, so help me gracious."

There will be an entertainment and free supper at Washington Hall on Friday evening next; for the benefit of the M. E. Church. The entertainment will consist of music and literary exercises, after which a free supper will be provided for all who attend. An admission fee of 50 cents will be charged.

Dr. W. T. Lucas of our town has located at Guadalupe, Santa Barbara county, and we understand is meeting with success. The Doctor stands high in his profession, and we recommend him to the people of the locality in which he has located as a good physician, an excellent citizen, and a man in whom they can place the utmost confidence. His amiable wife left Woodland on Tuesday to join the Doctor in his new home.

The idea advanced by the STANDARD, of abolishing the office of Town Marshal of Woodland has met with favor among our taxpaying citizens, wherever we have heard it mentioned. The Town of Woodland now pays \$900 a year for this luxury, and the work could all be done by the Town Clerk for \$200 at the outside figure, thus making a saving of \$700 per annum, which could be laid out in improvements. If a bill could be introduced into the next Legislature abolishing this office it would not be opposed by any of the taxpayers of Woodland.

This is for You
Ladies, who desire to dress well. The most stylish and perfect fitting costumes can be produced at a large saving in money by using the "Domestic" Paper Fashions. Patterns mailed to any address on receipt of price in postage stamps. Send stamp for catalogue to J. W. EVANS, "Domestic" Fashion Parlors, San Francisco.

Try the Drawing Room Smoking Tobacco and the Fountain fine cut at Elston's.

Convention Notes.

Every week the managers of the Festival are in receipt of letters of inquiry, and offers of assistance, not only from musicians of the county, but from those residing in adjoining counties.

The services of Mr. Lewis, of Sacramento, a first-class violoncello player, have been secured for the Festival.

Messrs. Sherman, Hyde & Co., of San Francisco, have kindly offered to furnish a Webber Piano and an Organ for use during the Convention.

Gov.-elect Perkins, and Hon. D. M. Burns, are expected to be present to inaugurate the First Musical Festival of Yolo county.

The Musical Society of Colusa is rehearsing our choruses with the expectation of taking part in the entertainment.

We understand that hotels will make liberal reductions from regular rates to all members of Societies holding Chorus tickets. It is therefore necessary for the Secretaries of the societies to notify the manager, that proper accommodation may be secured before the day of the Festival. It is desirable that as many as possible come in parties.

Rehearsals at Woodland take place on the following evenings. The Handel & Haydn Society, with the Orchestra, every Monday evening at 7:30, to which any members of outside societies are cordially invited. The Bouquet of Singers meets Tuesday and the Orchestra Thursday evenings. The Band, Tuesday and Friday evenings. Rehearsals for Quartettes, Duets, etc., take place from time to time at private residences.

We understand most of the out of town Societies are holding two rehearsals per week, and no doubt but the preparatory rehearsals, which will take place each day of the Festival at 10 A. M., and 3 P. M., will prove sufficient to render all the choruses with fine effect.

He drew in his breath with a gasping sob, with a quivering voice he sang; But his voice leaked out, and could not be heard.

The accompanist's clamorous bang; He lost his pitch on the middle A; He faltered on the lower D; And he foundered at length like a battered wreck.

Adrift on the wild high C.—[Ex.]

In a Quandary.

Pard Fenner has \$5.75 in his possession, which he received while Treasurer of the "Foxtail" club of Woodland. Pard is now back in the Republican party, but says he does not feel exactly right, and don't believe he will until he has been relieved of the funds in a legal manner. As there is no one to accept his resignation and receive the funds, he is in a quandary. Mr. Fenner says he would like to get enthusiastic over the recent victories in the East, but every time he gets ready to whoop he thinks of that \$5.75 and the whoop dies before it escapes his throat.

The manner in which he got back into the Republican party was this: Cole held out his arm and Pard walked under it. The arm was so low that the repentant "Foxtail" had to stoop, but he now walks erect and only needs to be rid of the amount before mentioned to be in full fellowship.

Dr. Peebles Lecture.

The lecture of Dr. J. M. Peebles, was better attended last evening than on Thursday evening. The Doctor is a very interesting speaker, and his description of life and customs in Foreign countries is entertaining in the extreme. Doctor Peebles was formerly Consul to Turkey, by appointment of President Grant, and has traveled twice around the world. He has been induced to give a course of lectures in Woodland, and will deliver the first of the course on Tuesday evening next. These lectures will be under the management of Messrs. Price & DePue of our town, and these gentlemen assure us that if they are well patronized they will secure other lectures during the winter, and Woodland will be offered many an intellectual treat.

Sudden Death.

On Thursday evening last, Mrs. Lambert, daughter of the late Wm. Campbell, and wife of Wm. Lambert, who lives about two miles east of Madison, was taken with convulsions, and before a physician could be summoned, or anything done to relieve her, she was dead. Mrs. Lambert was in Woodland on Thursday, apparently well and healthy. She went into Casler's drug store about noon, and asked the druggist, Mr. McCleary for twenty-five cents worth of Oil of Tansy, which he gave her, supposing her to be acquainted with the nature of the drug, and taking the precaution to place the customary label "POISON—CAUTION" on the vial. She returned home, and when her husband came in from work, she complained of not feeling well and went to bed. He retired shortly after, and asked her some questions about her trip to Woodland which she answered in a peculiar and distracted manner. Soon after this she went into convulsions. The remainder of the family were aroused, and a messenger was sent to Madison for a physician, also one to Woodland for Dr. Strong. Upon the arrival of the physician from Madison the lady was dead. It is not thought that she took the drug with any suicidal intent, but that she was ignorant of its effect. No blame can be attached to the druggist, as the bottle was labeled Poison in large letters. Deceased leaves a child about one year of age. The funeral will take place from the Christian Church today at 11 o'clock.

An Old Citizen Gone.

R. L. Beamer, one of the pioneers of Yolo county, died at his residence in this city, Wednesday last, 5th inst. Mr. Beamer was born in Carroll county Virginia, Feb. 29th, 1816, and was therefore 63 years of age at the time of his death. In the year 1843, he emigrated to Missouri, where he lived until 1849, when he came to California with that great tide of emigrants that poured in from the Eastern States. He remained in California 3 years when he returned to Missouri. In 1854 he again started to California, bringing his family with him. Arriving here he settled on the farm owned by him at the time of his death, where he has resided continuously for 25 years. He has been an active industrious and prosperous farmer. In 1857 he united with the Christian Church, of which he has ever since been a faithful and zealous member. In liberality, Mr. Beamer has been eminent. He has given freely to our educational interests, and has assisted largely to promote the interests of the church, while in relieving the needy and distressed he always gave with a generous hand.

About two years ago he received a fall, since which his health has been declining. The last severe spell he had lasted about ten days and terminated in his death. He leaves a wife, one son, R. H. Beamer, the present County Assessor, and two daughters—Mrs. S. Caldwell, and Mrs. F. M. Brown, besides a host of friends to mourn his loss.

The Funeral took place yesterday from the Christian Church, the services being conducted by Eld. B. C. Lawson. Although the day was very cold and blustering the funeral was largely attended.

Thanksgiving Proclamation.

At no recurrence of the season, which the devout habits of religious people has made the occasion for giving thanks to Almighty God, and humbly invoking his continued favor, has the material prosperity enjoyed by our whole country been more conspicuous, more manifold or more universal. During the past years also unbroken peace with all foreign nations, general prevalence of domestic tranquility, the supremacy and security of the great institutions of civil and religious freedom have gladdened the hearts of our people, and confirmed their attachment to their Government, which the wisdom and courage of our ancestors so fitly framed, and the wisdom and courage of their descendants have so firmly maintained, to be the habitation of liberty and justice to successive generations.

Now, therefore, I, Rutherford B. Hayes, President of the United States, do appoint Thursday, the 27th day of November, instant, as a day of national thanksgiving and prayer; and I earnestly recommend that, withdrawing themselves from secular cares and labors, the people of the United States do meet together on that day in their respective places of worship, there to give thanks and praise to Almighty God for his mercies, and devoutly to beseech their continuance.

In witness whereof, I have set my hand and caused the Great Seal of the United States to be affixed.

RUTHERFORD B. HAYES.

Tax Collector's Notice.

A. C. Keen, Tax Collector, will be at the following places on the dates mentioned, for the purpose of receiving taxes:

Clarksburg, at Webber's store, Tuesday, Nov. 4th, and Wednesday, Nov. 5th; Washington, at Green's Hotel, Thursday and Friday, Nov. 6th and 7th; Madison, at Hilliker's Hotel, Thursday, Nov. 13th; Winters, at Harling, Lowery & Co's store, Friday, Nov. 14th; Cacheville, at Campbell's Hotel, Monday, Nov. 17th; Black's Station, at Huston's store, Tuesday, Nov. 18th; Knight's Landing, at Union Hotel, Thursday Nov. 20th; Davisville, at Marden's Hotel, Friday, Nov. 21st. And at his office in Woodland on and after Monday, Nov. 24th.

The German Student Lamp, the gem of all Lamps at Casler & Co. Also a varied and elegant assortment of Bronze and Glass Lamps of all styles and sizes.

The Pittsburg Post says: So far as Democrats feel in this matter, they would prefer to have Grant as the Republican nominee, to almost any one named. We detract nothing from the high regard which Americans generally feel for Grant as a military man, when we say he is the most conspicuous and ignoble failure as a statesman or civil ruler this country has ever seen. His Administration was more disastrous to his party than that of any other President of the United States.

A New England Woman Sees The South.

A New England woman who is engaged as a teacher in the public schools in New York City has lately returned from her Summer vacation, passed in South Carolina. She there saw so much to astonish and undeceive her, in respect to life and the condition of affairs in that ancient State of the South that she communicated to the New York Nation an account of her sojourn there from which this is copied: "The change in the condition of things during the last eighteen months is positively startling. It is difficult to know just where to begin. Every one seems hopeful, and, better still, busy. The negroes are working cheerfully. If the wages be low, so is the living; think of good chickens for sale at ten cents apiece. It does not pay to rob hen-roosts. The large estates are being cut up into small farms, owned indiscriminately by black and white. I drove through the country districts, through lands which only a little while ago were covered with oaks and pines. Now I find little homesteads, with gardens and beginnings of orchards; in some cases, pathetic attempts at 'decoration.' For the first time in my experience, fruit, vegetables and chickens were daily offered at the door by negro men and women. I saw few or no idlers, and heard no expressions of discontent. The increased earnestness and hopefulness of the young white men is most encouraging. They no longer direct, oversee, but literally put their own hands to the plow, with honest pride in their work. They work during the day in that burning sun, side by side with the negro, in perfect good comradeship. The great want of the State is capital, and that must flow in when the future is assured. Outside interference in politics would be ruinous. It means accentuating the color-line; it means arraying labor against capital, ignorance against education. The misfortune for South Carolina is the coming Presidential election. But for it the names of Republican and Democrat might be erased from the spelling-book. If she were not needed for party purposes, she might be left in peace to bind up her wounds. Now one last word as to security of life and possessions. The contract here is in favor of South Carolina as against my own New England: In a Connecticut town, last Summer, I kept a pistol as a comfort, if not a protection. In South Carolina, not a tramp all Summer, and no beggars! Our household was composed of three women, the servant sleeping in the yard. Our house is a little isolated. We sat or slept with doors wide open until late into the night, and we never had one moment's uneasiness nor anxiety.

A correspondent in the American Newspaper Reporter has the following about advertising:

The man who says he don't believe in advertising, is doing just what he deprecates. He hangs coats outside of his door, or puts dry goods in his windows—that's advertising.

He has printed cards lying on his counter—that's advertising.

He sends out drummers through the country, or puts his name on his wagon—that's advertising.

If he has lost his cow, he puts a written notice in the post office, or tells his sister-in-law—and that's advertising too.

He has his name in gilt letters over the door—what is that but advertising? Paints his shop green or red; or, if a tailor, he wears the latest style; if a doctor, he has a boy call him out of church in haste; if an auctioneer he bellows to attract the attention of passers by; if a heavy merchant, he keeps a pile of boxes on his sidewalk in front of his store—and all for advertising.

A man can't do business successfully without advertising, and the question is whether to call to his aid the engine that moves the world—the printing press with its thousands of messengers who are working by night and by day—or go back to the days when newspapers, telegrams and railroads were unknown.

The yellow fever has disappeared from Memphis and merchants there report a rush of business.

W. E. FIFIELD.

PRACTISING PHYSICIAN.

OFFICE AT MADISON DRUG STORE. PRO personal calls attended with promptness, Day and Night.

Subscribe for the STANDARD, the best and CHEAPEST newspaper published in Yolo county—\$2 per year.

Great Bargains

—IN—

F-U-R-N-I-T-U-R-E-

— A First-Class —

Mattresses, Etc.

Patent Adjustable Easy Chair.

Stock and prices low enough for the multitude.

W. D. COMSTOCK,

5th & K St., Sacramento, Cal.

my10-3m

OCCIDENTAL HOTEL,

CORNER ABBY AND RAILROAD STREETS, WINTERS.

D. P. EDWARDS, Proprietor.

HAVING TAKEN POSSESSION OF THIS Favorite Hotel, I am now prepared to offer to the resident and traveling public

FIRST CLASS BOARD,

Large and Well Furnished Rooms

By the Day or Week.

THE TABLE

Will at all times be supplied with the best the Market Affords.

GEO. W. GREENE,

— Dealer in —

WATCHES, CLOCKS, JEWELRY, SILVERWARE,

BOOKS, STATIONERY,

Musical Instruments and Fancy Goods.

College Block, Main St., Woodland.

THOMAS & HUNT,

Buyers of and Dealers in

Grain and Wool.

Office in Excelsior Block,

Main Street,.....Woodland

SOMETHING NEW.

JOB PRINTING

OFFICE.

Having leased the Job Department of the "Woodland Standard" I respectfully announce to the public that I am now prepared to do all kinds of Job Printing with neatness and dispatch.

BILL HEADS, LETTER HEADS, STATEMENTS, VISITING CARDS, BUSINESS CARDS, PROGRAMMES, Etc., Etc.
All descriptions of Job Work at San Francisco prices.
EXCELSIOR BLOCK.....Main St. Woodland
F. W. BEACH, Prop'r.

PENDECAST & CO.,

WOODLAND.

Wish to call the attention of their friends of Woodland and vicinity to the fact that they have added to their stock of

BOOTS AND SHOES,

A FULL LINE OF

GENTS' CLOTHING,

Furnishing Goods,

HATS, ETC.,

Which they are prepared to sell as cheap as any house in the country.

GIVE US A CALL.

mar15.

I. A. BUTZ,

Merchant Tailor.

Opposite Craft Hotel,

WOODLAND.

GOOD FITS GUARANTEED.

Charges moderate—All work warranted.

F. E. BAKER,

ATTORNEY AT LAW.

Practices in District and Supreme Courts. Office in Excelsior Block, WOODLAND, CAL.

Washington's Emotion.

Washington had accepted an invitation from Arnold to breakfast with him on the very day the plot was discovered, but was prevented from keeping his engagement by what men call chance—by the earnest request, namely, of an old officer, near whose station they passed, to spend the night there and inspect some works in the neighborhood. Next day, while Washington, with his staff, including Lafayette, were seated at the table at this officer's quarters, a dispatch was brought to the American General, which he immediately opened and read, then laid it down without comment. No alteration was visible in his countenance, but he remained perfectly silent. Conversation dropped among his suite; and after some minutes, the General, beckoning Lafayette to follow him, passed to an inner apartment, turned to his young friend without uttering a syllable, placed the fatal dispatch in his hands, and then giving way to an ungovernable burst of feeling, fell on his neck and sobbed aloud. The effect produced on the young French marquis, accustomed to regard his General (cold and dignified in his usual manner) as devoid of the usual weakness of humanity, may be imagined. "I believe," said Lafayette, in relating this anecdote, "that this was the only occasion throughout the long and sometimes hopeless struggle that Washington ever gave way, even for a moment, under a reverse of fortune; and perhaps I was the only human being who ever witnessed in him an exhibition of feeling so foreign to his temper." As it was, he recovered himself before I had perceived the communication that had given rise to his emotion; and when he returned to his staff, not a trace remained on his countenance either of grief or despondency."—*Lippincott's Magazine*.

A Good Neighbor.

In Germany, during the war, a captain of cavalry was ordered out on a foraging expedition. He put himself at the head of his troops, and marched to the quarter assigned him. It was a solitary valley, in which hardly anything but woods could be seen. Finding in the midst of it a small cottage, he approached, and, knocking at the door, it was opened by an old and venerable man, with a beard silvered by age. "Father," said the officer, "show me a field where I can set my troops to forage in." The old man complied, and, conducting them out of the valley, after a quarter of an hour's march came to a fine field of barley. "Here is what we are in search of," exclaimed the captain; "father, you are a true and faithful guide." "Wait yet a few minutes," replied the old man; "follow me patiently a little further." The march was accordingly resumed, and at the distance of a mile they arrived at another field of barley. The troops immediately lighted, cut down the grass, trussed it, and remounted. The officer thereupon said to his conductor: "Father, you have given yourself and us unnecessary trouble; the first field was far better than this." "Very true, sir," replied the good old man, "but it was not mine."

Sentiment and Sense.

To study the world is better than to shut it out.
One must be poor to know the luxury of giving.
To understand the world is wiser than to condemn it.
Employment for the mind is what thousands are in need of.
By being contemptible we set people's minds to the tune of contempt.
To make the world better, lovelier and happier is the noblest work of man or woman.
When alone, watch your thoughts; in your family, your temper; in company, your tongue.
Let amusement fill up the chinks of your existence, but not the great space thereof.

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.—The poet, who of all that ever lived, knew best the desires of humanity, has told us that among the things which old age delights in is the company of friends. We venture to say that since the world began there have not been many who have had more reason to be content in this respect than Dr. Holmes, who reaches to-day the threshold of old age. Among those who know him personally we do not believe there is one who is not his well-wisher, and tens of thousands, all over this broad continent, in the land which has given to us our language and in its world-encircling colonies, regard him with affection. And well they may, for his sunny humor has cheered them in moments of depression and anxiety, his rare common sense has guided them amid the perplexities of life, and his cheerful optimism has made them think better of their fellow-men. During the larger part of his three-score years and ten his pen has been as busy as though his sole occupation was to write. Yet it has been only in the intervals of professional work that he has used it. The skilled and indefatigable physician, whose presence has brought comfort to so many sick chambers, has found time to write poems that the world will not willingly let die, has charmed us with his graceful prose, and bestowed his wit and apt speech on every social gathering of importance that Boston has seen for two score years. He is not of the kind that rusts out, and we are sure that every one of our readers will echo our wish that he may live in health and happiness for a score of years to come.—*N. Y. Mail*.

Difficultly is the nurse of greatness, a harsh nurse, who roughly rocks her foster children into strength and athletic proportions. The mind, grappling with great aims and wrestling with mighty impediments, grows by a certain necessity to their stature.

A wealthy London lady recently gave a ball in that city at a cost of \$20,000. The floral decorations were magnificent, and included blocks of ice into which the flowers were frozen.

Who Wants a Ruin?

Does any one want to buy a castle? I happen to know where some good bargains can be had. You have only to go to Auvergne and you may obtain a first-class chateau at less than its worth in old stone. The chateau, it is true, is only a ruin, but it can be restored. The truth is that the whole of that splendid basin of hill and valley is dotted with crumbling fortresses of the middle ages, most of them perched on the solid rock. The people there think so little of them that they are usually sold with the ground for their mere value as stabling or occasional shelter. One magnificent ruin, with twenty-three flanking towers, went for 15,000 francs, for the sake of the ground at the base of the slope. I am not sure that the ruin is not regarded as a positive drawback, or as a sort of offset to the general value of the land. Time has done something to destroy these treasures, but the hand of man is a good deal more. The peasantry have evidently used them for centuries as a sort of ready-made quarry, and the cottages have been made out of the castles. The stone is as good as ever, and some of it—a rose-colored granite—peculiarly beautiful. The more intelligent inhabitants of the country think that something better might be made out of these local treasures, and are sincerely anxious to have them advertised to English and American buyers. It would certainly be quite easy to set up in baronial state by the outlay of a few thousands in Auvergne. At least you might have your castle; but I am not sure that all Mr. Mackay's millions would bring back the baronial life or any tolerable substitute for it. Robert Cruikshank on his island would be a rather less lonely figure than the average American or Englishman in one of these turreted prisons. The peasants lead their own life and very emphatically speak their own language; and the old tradition of isolation between the great families is kept up to this day. There is no county life as the thing is understood in England, no common sport. They hunt the fox, indeed, but they hunt him secret; that is to say, any man who sees his brush peeping through a hedge whistles the dogs and makes for him on his own account; but of the science, or, rather, the religion of the chase, there is nothing at all. Suppose, however, these castles were bought in Auvergne and transferred to the banks of the Hudson, it might be possible to turn them to some account as branches of the export trade.—*Boston Transcript*.

A Turkish Lady's Reception.

So long as strange women are in the house, the Turkish husband is excluded from the harem. The guests begin to arrive toward six, accompanied by their maid-servants and negroes carrying lanterns and bringing their children and slippers with them. The reception-rooms are brilliantly lighted up with pink wax candles and scented with fragrant pastilles. There is no kissing or hand-shaking between the hostess and her guests; but each lady as she comes in lifts her hand gracefully to her heart, her lips, and her brow, which means, "I am devoted to you with heart, mouth, and mind." Refreshments are introduced soon after their arrival, and the ladies compliment one another about their respective dresses. After coffee, sweetmeats and cigarettes are discussed, dancing-girls are introduced; and at this stage of the proceedings the elderly ladies generally settle down to cards and backgammon, neither more nor less than in Western countries. In some houses, where Christian manners have penetrated, waltzing and other dances are indulged in; but this does not exclude the performances of the native dancing-girls, whose gyrations and fantastic music with tambourines and castanets are much appreciated. When the evening has been pleasantly spent, it is the lady of the house who gives the signal for the guests to retire. This she does by clapping her hands and exclaiming, "Bring in the cake." At once the maid-servants hurry off to fetch the delicacy, and soon a very aromatic, creamy, and spongy pudding is produced—the which having been honored as it deserves, silver basins full of rosewater are carried in for the guests to wash their hands withal; and then the party is at an end.

The artotype is the name given to one of the new inventions for compelling light and chemistry to do the work which has for ages been the allotment of the artist's graver and pencil. The process is a species of photo-engraving. The pictures have the accuracy of the infinite detail, the perfect definition, the brilliant effects of the best photographs, with the added advantage of being permanent—as enduring as paper and ink can be. As imperishable, for example, as steel engravings. The invention differs notably from its rivals in its greater directness of method; it gives what may be termed the immediate autograph of the sun, printing upon the paper his very pencilling without the transfers and reversals employed in other systems. It is capable, consequently, of representing a certainty and delicacy of line and a refinement of shading which no other permanent process has attained. The value of such an invention as an agency for the popularization of art—the multiplication and diffusion among the people of the works of the great masters which have hitherto been locked up in remote galleries or costly collections—is almost incalculable.

HEAR IT.—If you place one of your fingers into your ear, a roar will be heard, which Dr. Hammond says is the sound of the circulation of the blood.

Try it, and think what a wonder of a machine your body is, that even the points of your fingers are such busy workshops that they roar like a small Niagara. The roaring is probably more than the noise of the circulation of the blood. It is the voice of all the vital processes together—the tearing down and building up processes that are always going forward in every living body from conception to death.

Slavery in Africa.

A writer who has recently visited the western coast of Africa on the United States steamer *Ticonderoga*, makes the following statements respecting Negro slavery.

"The idea that slavery in Africa disappeared with the abolition of the foreign slave trade, an idea which seems to be prevalent both in Europe and America, is nevertheless a mistaken one. Slavery not only exists, but its evils are very much aggravated by the fact that for the want of a foreign market the supply is in excess of the demand. The value of the slave has declined until the preservation of his life and health has become a matter of no consequence to his owner. The increase and growing export trade of Africa is the product of slave labor. The slave, not so well fed or cared for, is raising ground-nuts in some distant part of his own country, as far away from his home and kin as though he were cultivating sugar on a Cuban plantation. It is safe to say that money made and sympathy expended on the negro slave has in no wise ameliorated his condition. On the contrary, the trade which was made contraband and abolished at sea has added to its cruelties the thousand times greater evils of transportation overland through jungles and marshes, where hundreds perish by the wayside from famine and exposure.

"I have just visited the Gallinas, a river on the coast of Liberia, a point where, in the palmy days of 'the trade,' Don Pedro Blanco held his rude court and annually shipped to Cuba thousands of his sable brethren. A negro, likely, young and robust, can be bought here to-day for \$4, taken in trade goods at that! I venture to assert that 1,000 slaves a month could and would be delivered at that rate to any buyer in the market. Perhaps the most indifferent man to this state of things is the negro himself. It is his normal condition; if he runs away he is only captured by another master."

Lottery Letters Unmailable Matter.

The one hundred or more lottery companies in this country, which daily make use of the United States mails, received a temporary check last week, by an order of the Postmaster-General directing that all letters to lotteries or agents of lotteries be sent to the Dead Letter Office as unmailable matter. It is held that the lottery superscription on an envelope is proper evidence that its contents have reference to lotteries. The companies, of course, will change the form of their letter superscription, and the Post-office Department is asked whether letters to accredited agents of lottery companies shall be stopped. This the authorities are not willing yet to decide. While 99 per cent of the mail matter to an agent may be illegal, the one per cent may not be, and to refuse to deliver regular mailable matter is considered in law a great crime. We may expect, therefore, a prolonged and dismal struggle from the Liberal League on the action of the Postmaster-General, and perhaps resolutions about civil liberty.

If the sending of sealed letters to lottery schemes through the mails is unlawful, how much more unlawful is the sending of newspaper advertisements and long toothsome articles about "fortunate" holders of certain numbers? Not only that, but the days of drawing the prizes, and the agents in this and other cities of whom tickets can be had, are freely advertised in bold defiance of the law. If the local officers fail to take the matter in hand, might not the Post-office authorities put a stop to the whole business by refusing to deliver newspapers containing these unlawful advertisements?—*N. Y. Examiner and Chronicle*.

MARVELS OF A MINNESOTA SWAMP.—J. W. Blanding, one of the commissioners appointed by the Governor to appraise the salt lands in our country, has given us an interesting account of a natural curiosity visited by the commissioners during their trip. In the course of their search for and examination of the above lands in the north-eastern part of the county they came upon a large tract of quaking bog land. Running in a northwest and southeast direction was a line of mounds from 8 to 300 feet in diameter at the base and from fifteen to thirty feet high, of a conical form, the slope being about forty-five degrees. These mounds were a shaking bog to their summits, where was found a circular opening six to eight feet in diameter, filled with clear, cold water and of unknown depth, a pole eight feet long being their only means of testing them. Most singular of all, a few feet from these wells, upon digging from sixteen to twenty-four inches, a solid body of ice was found. Who can give us an explanation of this phenomenon?—*Breckenridge (Minn.) Free Press*.

INTEMPERATE MOTHERS.—On the suppression of the Commune in Paris, among the prisoners taken were five hundred boys of ages averaging from nine to fifteen. Of the many atrocities committed, the most fiendish were by these lads. While the murders and incendiarisms were perpetrated by men during an attack of political fury, the assassinations committed by these boys were done solely out of a spirit of cruelty and mischief. The Government, not liking to treat these lads as political criminals, sent them to the reformatory at Rouen. Shortly afterwards, two eminent physicians reported their mental and physical condition. They found that out of the five hundred youth, three hundred and thirty-seven were of very delicate physical form and stunted growth. They were among the most mischievous of the whole, and all the children of drunken mothers.

He promised to cleave to her; and when they went to the theater and he came back between the acts with a piece of cork in his whiskers, she knew from the fragrance he exhaled that he had clove.—*St. Louis Spirit*.

The powerful electric battery recently invented is said to be a very shocking affair.

The Old National Pike.

The traffic seems like a frieze with an endless procession of figures. There were some sixteen gaily-painted coaches each way a day; the cattle and sheep were never out of sight; the canvas-covered wagons were drawn by six or twelve horses with bows of bells over their collars; the families of statesmen and merchants went by in private vehicles; and while most of the travelers were unostentatious, a few had splendid equipages, and employed outriders. Some of the passes through the Alleghenies were as precipitous as any in the Sierra Nevada, and the mountains were as wild. Within a mile of the road the country was a wilderness, but on the highway the traffic was as dense and as continuous as in the main street of a large town.

The national road proper was built from Cumberland, Maryland, to Wheeling, Virginia, by the United States Government, the intention being to establish it as far as St. Louis. It was excellently macadamized; the rivers and creeks were spanned by stone bridges; the distances were indexed by iron mile-posts, and the toll houses supplied with strong iron gates. Its projector and chief supporter was Henry Clay, whose services in its behalf are commemorated by a monument near Wheeling. Henry Esson, a former Congressman, was also an advocate of it, and on one occasion he made a public speech in which he showed the audience—so flexible is arithmetic combined with imagination—that from the number of horseshoes it would necessitate, and the number of nails, it was better adapted to promote trade than any railway could be. From Cumberland to Baltimore the road, or a large part of it, was built by certain banks of Maryland, which were rechartered in 1816 on condition that they should complete the work. So far from being a burden to them, it proved to be a most lucrative property for many years, yielding as much as twenty per cent, and it is only of late years that it has yielded no more than two or three per cent. The part built by the Federal Government was transferred to Maryland some time ago, and the tolls became a political perquisite; but within the past year it has been acquired by the counties of Allegheny and Garrett, which have made it free.

We have written of what is past. The canal and the railway have superseded the old national "pike," and it is not often now that a traveler disturbs the dust that lies upon it. The dust itself, indeed, has settled and given root to the grass and shrubbery, which in many places show how complete the decadence is. The black snakes, moccasins and copperheads, that were always plentiful in the mountains, have become so unused to the intrusion of man that they sun themselves in the road, and a vehicle cannot pass without running over them. Many of the villages which were prosperous in the coaching days have fallen asleep, and the wagon of a peddler or farmer is alone seen where once the travel was enormous. The men who were actively engaged on the road as drivers, station agents and mail contractors are nearly all dead. The few that remain are very old, and while an inquiry about the past reanimates them for a moment, they soon lapse into the oblivion of their years. But the taverns, with their hospitable and picturesque fronts, the old smithies, and the toll-gates, have not been entirely swept away. Enough has been left undespoiled to sustain the interest and individuality of the highway, which, from Frederick to Cumberland, is rich by power of Nature, independent of its past.—*W. H. Ruxton, in Harper's Magazine*.

THE LAST REQUIEM.—There is something strikingly beautiful and touching in the circumstances of Mozart's death. His sweetest song was the last he sung, "Requiem." He had been employed upon this exquisite piece for several weeks, his soul filled with inspirations of richest melody. After giving the touch, and breathing into it that unyielding spirit of song which was to consecrate it through all time, he fell into a gentle and quiet slumber. At length the light footsteps of his daughter awoke him. "Come hither, my Emilie," said he, "my task is done; the Requiem—my Requiem, is finished." "Say not so, dear father," said the gentle girl, "you must be better; even now your cheek has a glow upon it." "Do not deceive yourself, my love," said the dying father; "this wasted form can never be restored by human aid. Take these, my last notes, sit down by my piano here and sing them with the hymns of thy sainted mother; let me once more hear those tones which have so long been my solace and delight." Emilie obeyed with a voice enriched by the tenderest emotion; then turning from the instrument, looked in silence for the approving smile of her father. It was the still, passionless smile which the wrapt and joyless spirit had left, with the seal of death upon his features.

The young folks were talking about mistakes in courtship when Uncle Job broke in with the declaration "that there was not any such thing, for," said he, "nobody ever makes any mistakes worth mentioning in courtship. It's after the courtship's over and the lovers have been married that the hurtful mistakes begin."

Well, uncle, said one of the pretty nieces, "what's the moral of all that?" "The moral!" exclaimed Uncle Job. "What's the moral? Why, I s'pose the moral is, keep on courtin'!"

The new apartment house recently built in New York for bachelors has plenty of closet room, which seems to be a waste. What does a man want of closets, so long as he does not have a wife to forbid his keeping things in the middle of the floor?

The most remarkable of recent opinions concerning divorce (by a woman, of course): "Divorce is all very well in its way, but I prefer widowhood; it's surer."

He who shows kindness towards animals will display the same characteristic toward men.

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DWINIGHT L. HACKETT, EDITOR.
WOODLAND, CAL., NOV. 8, 1879

Clay and Randolph.
April 8, 1826, a duel was fought between Henry Clay and John Randolph. Randolph, it would appear, had denounced Clay as a gambler and black-leg. Clay wrote him in regard to the matter, asking him whether he intended to call him a political gambler, or to attach the infamy of such epithets to his private life, but Randolph declined making any explanation. Clay then challenged him. They met, and before the word was given, Randolph's pistol accidentally went off. Another was handed him, and shots were exchanged without effect. Col. Benton and others then interfered without effect to stop further hostilities. At the second fire Clay's bullet passed through Randolph's coat. Randolph fired in the air, saying, "I should not have fired at you, sir, had not my pistol gone off accidentally and changed my determination." Then advancing he said, "Sir, I give you my hand." "I take it," replied Mr. Clay. And thus ended this famous duel. Randolph never got over his dislike of Clay, and gave instructions that when he was buried it should be with his feet to the west, so that when the archangel's trumpet sounded he could spring to his feet facing that d-d rascal, Henry Clay.

Hurrah! Three times three!!! Ulysses S. Grant the general, statesman, hero, ex-President is here. He arrived in San Francisco on Saturday last, and will commence organizing his forces and maturing his plans to step into the White House March 4th, 1881. Then the cowardly, traitorous, dastardly, low-born Southern fire-eaters will tremble for their fate; and they will have cause, for no mercy will be shown to the miserable miscreants who know no other law than force, Grant will wipe out every State line in the South, and send his army down to occupy the country, and rule it with a rod of steel. Hurrah for the staunch old general for a third term. Down with all the namby-pamby foolishness of Southern rights. They have no rights that we are bound to respect. He will rule a nation this time with a big N.—[Sentinel, Lemars, Iowa.

A MAN OF IMPORTANCE.—Two boys, each employed in a different office on Griswold street, were yesterday licking a lot of one-cent stamps on a pile of circulars at the Postoffice, when one of them asked:
"Has your boss got back from his summer trip yet?"
"Yes; has your'n?"
"Yes. Has anybody been around to the office to welcome your boss home?"
"No, he's been home three days and hasn't had a caller."
"Well, I guess he's kinds o' second class," continued the other as he whacked on a stamp. "Over twenty folks were waiting in the office when my boss got home, and they said if he didn't straighten up them accounts they'd make him trouble right along! He hadn't hardly landed at the depot before most everybody knew he was home."—Detroit Free Press.

An exchange tells a story about a boy who eats cotton, and grows thin. Little boys mustn't think that what makes their sisters and other female relatives robust will necessarily be good for themselves. Cotton isn't good for boys.

Since the Democrats attained control of the Lower House of Congress four years ago, the Dubuque Herald declares they have saved \$25,000,000 per annum to the people. The figures to substantiate this statement are contained in the statutes at large.

Senator Wade Hampton has written a letter to a friend in Washington, in which he says that the present epoch of politics appears to him to suggest the nomination of Bayard and McDonald as the Democratic ticket for 1880.

One may have a lofty ambition and feel that a beautiful vision of greatness is beckoning him on, but, after all, the man who has a good grip is the one who succeeds. Dreams are good, but a well developed muscle is better.

An exchange has an article on "How to Run a Newspaper." This should be read only by editors, as every other person in the world knows how.

When the Blackfeet Indians wish to express great sorrow, they say "My heart is on the ground."

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Mattresses, Etc.

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By the Day or Week.

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Will at all times be supplied with the best the Market Affords.

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I want to sell my entire fit-out of Gallery, Negatives, etc. Going exclusively into viewing, and Copying, Enlarging and Printing. Shall still keep my headquarters at Woodland, giving up gallery work. I know there are many of my friends who would like to take the advantage before I give up the business—some who appreciate a good picture and know one when they get it. Money is pretty tight, so we'll compromise and give all a fair show. So look to it.

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P. S.—My View Wagon is at all times in readiness to make trips to any part of the county. Views of residences, etc., at reduced rates, and warranted superior do anything of the sort ever done in the country. Now is your time. See to it. KING, Photo.

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